

# THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

*Rodorigo.*  
**N**ever tell me, I take it much unkindly  
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,  
As if thy strings were thine, should'st know of this.  
*Ia.* But you'll not heare me. If euer I did dream  
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

*Rodo.* Thou told'st me,  
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

*Iago.* Despise me  
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,  
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)  
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place,  
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)  
Euaues them, with a bumbast Circumstance,  
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,  
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,  
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?  
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,  
One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,  
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)  
That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,  
Nor the deuision of a Battaille knowes  
More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:  
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose  
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)  
Is all his Souldieriship. But he (Sir) had th' elections  
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds  
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd  
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,  
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,  
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.

*Rodo.* By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.

*Iago.* Why, there's no remedie.

'Tis the curse of Seruice;  
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood Heire to th' first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,  
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd  
To loue the Moore?

*Rodo.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O Sir content you.

I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.  
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke  
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;  
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)  
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Aile,  
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Callee'd,  
Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are  
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,  
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And throwing but shewes of Seruice on their Lords,  
Doe well thriue by them.  
And when they haue lin'd their Coates  
Doe themselves Homage.  
These Fellowes haue some soule,  
And such a one do I profess my selfe. For (Sir)  
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,  
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:  
In following him, I follow but my selfe.  
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward Actiō doth demonstrate  
The native act, and figure of my heart  
In Complement exterie, 'tis not long after  
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue  
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

*Rodo.* What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe  
If he can carry't thus?

*Iago.* Call vp her Father:

Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,  
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,  
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,  
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,  
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,  
As it may loose some colour.

*Rodo.* Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

*Iago.* Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire  
Is spied in populous Citties.

*Rodo.* What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.  
*Iago.* Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues,  
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,  
Theeues, Theeues.

*Bra.* Above. What is the reason of this terrible  
Summons? What is the matter there?

*Rodo.* Signior is all your Familie within?

*Iago.* Are your Doores lock'd?

*Bra.* Why? Wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,  
Your

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule  
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram  
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,  
Awake the snoring Cittizens with the Bell,  
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.  
Arise I say.

*Bra.* What, haue you lost your wits?

*Rodo.* Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I: what are you?

*Rodo.* My name is *Rodorigo*.

*Bra.* The worse welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:  
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,  
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse  
(Being full of Supper, and dissembling draughtes)  
Vpon malicious knauerie, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rodo.* Sir, Sir, Sir.

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirits and my place haue in their power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rodo.* Patience good Sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of Robbing?

This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

*Rodo.* Most graue *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

*Ia.* Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,  
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,  
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'll haue your Daugh-  
ter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'll haue your Ne-  
phewes neigh to you, you'll haue Courfers for Cozens:  
and Genners for Germanes.

*Bra.* What prophane wretch art thou?

*Ia.* I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-  
ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a Villaine.

*Iago.* You are a Senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Rodorigo*.

*Rodo.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you  
If it be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,  
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th' night  
Transported with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,  
To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:  
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,  
We then haue done you bold, and fauie wrongs.  
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,  
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue  
That from the fence of all Ciuitie,  
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.  
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)  
I say againe, hath made a grosse renolt,  
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes  
In an exerauagant, and wheeling Stranger,  
Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe.  
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the Iustice of the State  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the Tinder, hoa:

Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,  
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,  
Beleeue of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light.

*Iag.* Farewell: for I must leaue you.

It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place

To be produced, (as if I stay, I shall.)

Against the Moore. For I do know the State,  
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)  
Cannot with safetic cast him. For he's embark'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,  
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules  
Another of his Padome, they haue none,  
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,  
Yet, for necessitie of present life,  
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,  
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him  
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:  
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter *Brabantio*, with *Servants* and *Torches*.

*Bra.* It is too true an euill. Gone she is,  
And what's to come of my despised time,  
Is naught but bitterness. Now *Rodorigo*,  
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girl)  
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)  
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me  
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:  
Raile all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

*Rodo.* Truly I thinke they are.

*Bra.* Oh Heauen: how got she out?

Oh treason of the blood.

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds  
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,  
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood  
May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo*,  
Of some such thing?

*Rodo.* Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

*Bra.* Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.  
Some one way, some another. Doe you know  
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

*Rodo.* I thinke I can discouer him, if you please  
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,  
(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)  
And raile some speciall Officers of might:  
On good *Rodorigo*, I will deferue your paines. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

Enter *Othello*, *Iago*, *Attendants*, with *Torches*.

*Ia.* Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,  
Yet do I hold it very stiffe o'th' conscience  
To do no contrin'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie  
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times  
I had thought t'haue yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

*Othello.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay but he prated,  
And ipoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes  
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue  
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,  
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,  
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,  
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall  
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.  
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,

The